Sleeping, I dreamt of being a teacher

Wandering, lost in a foreign land

I found myself tempted by what was in hand

And I couldn’t refuse.

So I bit the fruit, in confusion

And abandoned myself under the Tree of Knowledge.

While everyone begged for plastic perfection

Found in the temptation of what was in reach,

I committed the Original Sin

Which they consider the “Fall of Education”

And I could hear the disbelief, the disgust, when they said,

“You will make a difference.”

Teachers have spent decades committing Adultery

Cheating their students out of the education they deserve.

Denying them the chance to succeed

Marking their attempts with a giant red F

Exclaiming something is missing.

So I encourage those students to revise their efforts

Because what they will find is that

Following that letter F should be the letter U

Because a grade is just a letter

And what good is a letter

If we can’t combine it with others

To form the words that will express our ideas?

Just like, what good is our voice

If we cannot use it to speak?

And what good are our eyes

If we are not allowed to see?

It’s like removing someone’s brain

And expecting them to think.

All students can succeed

And the results can be achieved.

But how can you move forward,

If you’re not starting from the back?

Before we kill the creativity

Before we diminish an ability

Consider all the possibilities.

Because a picture wouldn’t be worth a thousand words

If it expressed no emotion or understanding

And silence wouldn’t speak volumes

And symphonies would not be composed

And no one would dance

So I will reach out and grab the hands of all my students

Reach out and say, “I’m sorry.”

“I’m sorry you have been cheated out of what you truly deserve.”

And I will make a difference

Because if not for my students,

What the Hell am I here for?